

April 2, 1967

Dear Anne:

By now, although Harold does most of the correspondence (I've spent so much of my life writing other people's letters that I rebel against doing my own), I feel we've known you for simply ages. The feeling is not lessened by the picture of that lovely dog on your homeside stationery. I don't let our dog see it; she already suffers from too much of an inferiority complex.

Harold tells me he has already written to thank you for the very thoughtful gift of the envelopes to fit his new notepaper. It was really most kind of you, and we both appreciate it. I'm sure the recipients of his letter will, too, because now he'll have no excuse to wrap up his epistles in so many different ways in an effort to fit them into the small envelopes he used.

The latest mention of Mark Lane in our local paper is that he has given Garrison his stamp of approval. And, of course, we'll be seeing his name in print for the next week because the paper is running the Vas-you-dere-Sharlie Roberts" critique of the critics on a daily basis beginning today.

Harold is anxious to get back to Manchester because he thinks he'll get more enjoyment (?) out of that than from what he is now engaged in, which should be finished sometime next week, I hope.

Now to get down to the question you DID ask: Harold is a first-generation American, both his parents having come here from sections of Europe which now are encompassed by the USSR, one from the Ukraine, the other from Bessarabia. His grandmother, who never did learn to speak English very well, used to try to tell me about life in the old country, but about the only sentence I managed to understand completely was when she told me that my favorite hat was just like the women wore to work in the fields there!

And now I have to get back to work, too, Sunday being just another day here workwise.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Anne Bradford
29 Casco Terrace
Falmouth Foreside, Maine